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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 16 Translation [BE Final]

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SUMMARY

It's more than just pain.

Aoba
...ugh!

All the texts in my vision start falling, as if I'm swallowed up by a Hell that consists of nothing but ants, falling on my feet, swarming me from below.

Aoba
Ugh...!

The words are bizarrely soft, but I can't reach out to them. They bury my head after a while, overwhelming my vision all at the same time.

It's agonizing. I can't breathe. The words are as heavy as oil, smearing all over my head.

Aoba
...ugh!

My vision becomes black, my conscious snaps off.

... Scrap has failed.

I couldn't destroy Mizuki, but that must be some sort of good luck for him.

...I wanted to destroy him but I wasn't able to, it makes me look so bad.

Laughing at myself, my conscious is pulled back to reality.

Aoba
...

I open my eyes, blinking a few times.

My vision gradually becomes clear. Two faces gaze at me.

Trip
Are you awake?

Virus
Are you okay, Aoba-san?

For a second, I couldn't make out what has just happened, but I immediately remember.

I Scrapped Mizuki... and failed.

Oh well, it's a good thing for Mizuki that I didn't manage to destroy him, I guess.

... Where is Mizuki?

I slowly shift my gaze around, then I see Mizuki lying on the operation table beside me. I think I'm lying on one myself too.

How did they manage to carry us to this place, I wonder? It looks like the same place where I first played Rhyme.

Virus
When you tried to destroy the Dry Juice's leader, both of you collapsed.

Virus
We can't leave you on the corridor so we quickly brought you to an empty room.

Trip
The other person is broken, I guess?

I broke Mizuki.
The Mizuki lying on the operation table beside me has his eyes closed.

...No.
He should be awake soon.

Because my Scrap failed.

Virus
Aoba-san, how are you feeling?

Aoba
My head, hurts...

Virus
It might be inappropriate for us to ask this now but what about Rhyme? Should we do it another time?

Aoba
...Yeah.

I don't have the mood to play Rhyme now, so I nod.

Virus
Understood. We have make sure that no one is to use this room for a while. So please take your time and rest.

Virus
If your migraine is getting worse, we will prepare the medicines for you too.

With that said, Virus leaves my side.

Virus
...To be honest, we'd like to continue taking care of Aoba-san, but we need to make a move now.

Trip
It's been two hours since Aoba collapsed. It's taking up too much time.

2 hours?

It's been so long, huh?

Virus
Well then, if anything is to happen, please contact us immediately, okay?

Trip
Take care, Aoba. See you then.

After both of them leave the room, I release a small sigh, then shift my gaze to look by my side.

When I stare at Mizuki's side profile, his eyes tremble a tad.

Is he waking up?

If he wakes...

Then I'll destroy him this time.

Mizuki's eyes tremble again, then slowly open up.

Ah, as I've expected.

Scrap has failed.

...But, all Mizuki does is staring blankly at the ceiling.

He just woke so he could be still trying to make sense of his surrounding.

With that thought, I continue staring at Mizuki's side profile.

Aoba
...?

Slowly, it reminds me of some sort of out-of-place feeling.

Mizuki keeps staring at the ceiling, he's not moving at all.

Aoba
...Oi.

When I try calling out to him, Mizuki slowly turns his head to look at me.

If he could hear me, does that mean that he's really just spacing out?

Surprised, my eyes meet Mizuki's.

Mizuki
...ugh.

In that instance, his expression distorts.

Mizuki
Aa... Aaaa...

Mizuki
Aaaaaa...!!

Mizuki starts to tremble violently all of a sudden, shouting as if he'd seen something shocking on my face.

Mizuki
Aaaa...!!

What's the matter? What's happening?

Scrap should've been a failure.

But, this reaction is...

Mizuki portrays a terrified look, his lips move slowly.

Mizuki
Ah..., ... Ao, ba...

...He calls my name.

That means, he still has his conscious.

I observe closely on Mizuki's eyes.

Those eyes are clearly looking at me but somewhere, it's empty, I couldn't quite grasp where his conscious lies.

Mizuki
No... Aoba...!

Mizuki tries to wake as he falls off the table, scrambling on the floor.

Just like that, he keeps backing off, his back hitting the wall, collapsing with the machines.

Having his own conscious aside, that terrifying look of his is unusual.

That means...

Even though I failed Scrap, I still managed to impact Mizuki's mental state in some ways?

Even though Mizuki told me that he doesn't have any memories related to him before he joined Morphine, he clearly dislikes Virus and Trip.

Mizuki's mental state is strong, that's how he's able to preserve his conscious even after he joined Morphine.

Thanks to that, he's treated fairly well by Morphine too.

So this time it's the true outcome of it revealing, huh?

Scrap has destroyed the parts that weren't destroyed, but the only image remaining of his is "the fact that he'd done something terrible to me".

This is the result of a half-bucket destruction, maybe?

Aoba
... haha.

I find that thought funny.

I failed Scrap but the outcome is surprisingly interesting.

I stand from the table, then walk towards Mizuki.

Mizuki
Hiii...!

Mizuki's back presses against the wall, he seems like he's trying to run away from me.

Seeing that, I lift a smirk.

Aoba
Ku... Ahaha..!

This is fine.

I'll have something to play with for a while.

... with this man.

When I first joined Morphine I didn't think of it as anything amazing, in fact, I thought it was boring.

That was my thought back then, but now, it has changed a tad.

Because in replacement of Mizuki, I am the one leading Morphine now.

Mizuki is now half-broken. So I'll be taking over his place.

Virus and Trip are the one leading Morphine but when I told them that I want to lead too, they look happy.

They gave me time to organize Morphine around, and whatever that I couldn't handle, they'll be handling them instead.

That's why, I thought it's not too bad being able to do things the way I'm doing it now.

It feels like a lucky accident for me.

Even though we had been calling whatever that's happened during Morphine activities as an accident, we stop kidnapping people through "Spirited Away", and instead, we destructed half of the Rib teams we approach, leaving them broken.

When we consider the main objective of "Spirited Away", it's totally meaningless to leave a team being half-destructed like that.

But, even when I'm aware of that, I still continue doing it. The reason is simple - I'm bored. Me myself aside, I'm also bored with the humans in the Old Resident District.

I felt the impact at first but as it continues, I start getting used to it, and then, I start to think that it's natural for things to happen this way after all.

That's why, I started to carry out more aggressive actions than before. I want to trigger fear. It's more interesting that way.

But, I might be interfering with Toue's plans if I keep doing it my way.

Morphine aside, I might be affecting Toue's research plans too.

Oh well, even so, it doesn't bother me as much.

If he really dislikes what I'm doing he could simply chase me out or kill me off.

Anyway...

One day, I'll definitely destroy Toue too.

Thanks to Scrap, Mizuki's conscious is now half-broken. He'd panic when he sees me so he's always been holding a sort of terrified face when he's by my side.

Now that the leader of Morphine's action force has been changed to me, Mizuki's status now is nothing but "my favourite toy".

Various times, when "I've become bored with him", I'll try to use Scrap on him.

But, Mizuki will never break. He never becomes a complete useless man.

That does nothing but trigger my interest further so I always keep him by my side.

Even though Mizuki always tries to avoid me thanks to the fear I planted in him with Scrap, I won't allow him to do so.

It's fun to make him succumb and to see him doing exactly so with that distorted expression of his.

Today is the day I wanted Mizuki to do something that has always been on my mind.

He must hate it a lot, I guess. But he doesn't have the right to say no.

Before things turn out into this way... the Mizuki from before might be happy to hear of this decision of mine. It's that kind of fun, after all.

Mizuki

No, that's... I don't want to do it!

Aoba

I've told you, right? You don't have the rights to say no to me.

Mizuki

But...

Aoba

It's enough, just do it. This is an order.

Mizuki

...ugh.

This is something I've asked Mizuki to do.

And that's having him to tattoo Morphine's tag onto my body.

It's not completed yet.

Today, it'll be completed.

In the past, Mizuki has once asked if I want the Morphine's tag to be tattooed on my body.

If it's the Mizuki from that time, he should be happy to know that I've decided to want one for myself too.

But the Mizuki now is running away from me, refusing to have anything to do with me, of course he'd hate it.

Oh well, it's not like he could say no to me anyway.

If I am to request for them myself, I could easily get the newest tools for the tattooing process to happen.

There are also tools that could help in drawing the art onto my skin.

I'll use the ones that we've always brought with us to the Old Resident District.

But, I wanted Mizuki to be the one to put the tattoo onto me.

I feel that it'd be more meaningful that way. If he's just a random person using those tools to mark me, it'd be way too boring.

Mizuki refused to do so at first but eventually, he submitted.

He held a pale face the entire time he was doing it, he looked completely like a defeated dog.

The tattooing process was done in my room.

I've decided where I want the tattoo to be from the beginning.
My stomach... more precisely, the spot a tad below my right ribs.

The reason why I decided it to be on that spot is because I'd considered how much pain I'd feel when the process happens, and the skin above those bones is thin; it's a place where I'd feel the most pain.

Knowing that, I decided to have it below my ribs.
The more pain, the better, after all.

It's not often that I could get to hurt my own body so if it's not going to be painful, then it not going to be fun. This is a rare opportunity, so I should take it as a good chance to feel the feeling of "being needled".

Mizuki
...

Mizuki has been insecure for the entire time, he sinks the needles into my body without a word.

Aoba
...ugh.

I didn't consider how much pain it'd cause me but the pain was one that I've never experienced before, my throat constricted, cold sweat formed all over my body.

It's like I'm being penetrated, the feeling was like having my flesh being slowly torn apart.

But, as time went by, I slowly started to get used to it, and, quietly, I touched Mizuki, who was pressing the ink into my skin.

Mizuki
Ugh, stop...! My hands will go out of control...

Aoba
Haha...

The needles on Mizuki's hands – ones that were pressing against my skin – trembled when I did that, and the pain will intensify when that happened. Also, Mizuki's anxious face when he talked to me was interesting.

About an hour after the process, it came to an end.

The tattoo hurt the skin, it became as if slashes were applied onto it.

But that's all a necessary process, once I peel the old skin off, it'll be completed.

... That was when I first gotten my tattoo, one week ago.

Everyday, i'd need to change the bandage and clean my wounds, then slowly peeling off the dying skin, the healing wounds aren't painful nor ticklish at all.

Today, once Mizuki takes a look at it, it'll be truly completed.

After I came back from patrolling the Old Resident District, well past midnight, I called Mizuki into my room.

Mizuki

...

When the door opens, Mizuki stands, crouching a bit.

Aoba

... Yo, come in.

With my voice, Mizuki obeys, walking into the room.

Guiding Mizuki, I bring him to stand in front of the shower room. There are two mirrors by the side of the shower room, they're able to reflect my full body.

Aoba

It'll be completed today, right?

Mizuki

...Yeah.

Aoba

Do you want to check how it has turned out to be, tattoo master? ...Here you go.

I purposefully lift a smirk, raising both of my hands.

Mizuki, who is standing behind me, encircle his arms around my waist with a dark expression, then slowly rolls my parka up.

I wear nothing under the parka, my fair skin slowly reveals under Mizuki's touch.

Just above my waist bones...

Right below my right ribs, the poisonous mark slowly surfaces.

It's stunningly beautiful but it's not completely healed yet so there's still red marks around the edges of the tattoo.

Aoba

...This is amazing.

With the realistic feeling of having something crafted onto my very own skin, I release a scattered sigh, reveling in it.

When one is to craft a mark that can't be erased on one's skin, it's like a mark that tells everyone seeing it that they belong to someone.

I don't belong to anyone.

But, the person who has crafted this scar on my skin, is the same person who's rolling up my parka now.



Aoba
...Touch it. This is the scar you've implanted on me.

Mizuki
...

Mizuki refuses to move. I take his hand into mine, guiding it to under my right ribs.

His trembling fingers touch the newly crafted tattoos.

Mizuki
...Ugh.

Mizuki's body trembles.

Aoba
What are you afraid of? You're the one who did this to me.

Aoba
This is a mark that belongs to you, one that could no longer be erased... You're the one who'd put this on me.

Even if I try peeling this mark off my skin, a tattoo might be able to come off easily.

But, this is not the case.

Even if I peel this tattoo off, the truth that "it's disposed" still remains.

Besides that, the colours smeared into the skin would also be left behind, they'll definitely stay in the depth, somewhere, of this body.

There's no way a tattoo can be completely disposed.

This feeling... is not too bad.

I switch my gaze to look at the mirror right in front of me, the reflection of two men meet my eyes.

Aoba

Well then, like your wish, I'm now officially a Morphine member.

With that said, Mizuki's fingers, which are tracing the tag, stop abruptly.

Aoba

What is it? Are you not happy?

Mizuki

...

Aoba

In your place, I'll make Morphine stronger.

Aoba

I'll do everything that you can't do. That's good, right?



I said all of those words on purpose, Mizuki's already dark face becomes darker.

He has the mental state so strong that not even Scrap could destroy him. But, he has a weak side to him as well. I guess it's about time for it to surface?

With that thought, I caress Mizuki on his head.

Aoba

Do you want to show me how appreciative you are towards me?

For a split second, Mizuki shows a frustrated face... But, with no retort whatsoever, he pushes himself towards my waist, then presses his lips against the Morphine tag.

I'm sure that I've crushed Mizuki's pride right here and now.

I wonder how long still would he be staying with me?
I wonder if he'd still be by my side when I kill Toue?

Aoba
Hahaha...

(■■■■■■■■■■ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■] ■■■■)